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ELEGANT EXTRACTS,
Accompanied with some ORIGINAL REFLECTIONS,
Compiled for the WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

“ ——— EVERY moral charm,
“ That leads in sweet captivity the mind
“ To virtue.” ———

THOMSON.

SUCH the inconsistency, such the instability of man in his chequered progress thro’ the mazy labyrinths of life! Ever in ardent pursuit of what the world deems Happiness, which seems to skim before his sight as a visionary phantom, ever enticing, yet ever eluding the most eager pursuer, he acknowledges the deception; yet every year, nay, every day is a standing memorial of a vigorous renewal of this fantastic chimera. Even the accomplishment of his wishes yields no real satisfaction to his active mind. He resolves, he plans, he perseveres in the execution of a premeditated scheme;—he perceives the illusion; regrets his folly for an hour; yet, resolves to pursue the same round with as much avidity and ardour as if he had never sipped from the bitter cup of instructive experience. Thus time imperceptibly flits away—thus life posts forward on its little journey; whilst man the giddy child of inconsideration, seldom begins to think, until the race is over, and he drops into the cold and dark aperture of the yawning grave.

THE charms of grandeur, pomp, and show,
Are nought but gilded snares,
Ambition’s painful steep ascent,
Thick set with thorny cares.

Religion’s sacred lamp alone,
Unerring points the way,
Where happiness forever shines
With unpolluted ray:

To regions of eternal peace,
Beyond the starry skies;
Where pure, sublime, and perfect joys,
In endless prospect rise.

OUR pains are from our desires, not from our wants.

MOST pleasures, like flowers when gathered, die.

It has been disputed, but it cannot certainly be an argument with men and women of sense, whether an union cemented by love, or fortune, serves most to constitute human felicity. Mutual love is the only delicious sweet, which fate has generously dashed into the cup of life, to make the nauseous bitter draught go down. They who possess this golden felicity, slide in smiles through the valley of life, and hang the fairest garlands on the funeral urn of care. But those, who, alas! are bound together with the obligatory knot of Hymen, sigh amidst luxury and grandeur, and envy the wife possessed of the man of her heart, though perhaps not gilded by the rays of fortune; but the shade of private life (to an unambitious mind) must bestow more secret satisfaction than all the trappings of greatness.

O MARRIED love! thy bard shall own,
Where two congenial souls unite,
Thy golden chain inlaid with down,
Thy lamp with heav’n’s own splendour bright;

But if no radiant star of love,
O hymen! smile on thy fair rite,
Thy chain a wretched weight shall prove,
Thy lamp a sad sepulchral light.

WHY should mortals arraign the dispensations of Providence? Surely, most of our misfortunes proceed from forming false ideas of happiness. Some men seek it in wealth, others, in the enjoyments of sense, which, indeed, are not incompatible with it; but will be totally insufficient, if virtue does not contribute her assistance; Henceforth may we attach ourselves to *her*, and *she* will teach us, that our *only* bliss, consists in perfect resignation to the Divine will.

Tho’ heav’n afflict, I’ll not complain;
The noblest comforts still remain—
Comforts that shall o’er death prevail,
And journey with me thro’ this vale.
Amid this various scene of ills,
Each stroke some kind design fulfils;
And shall I murmur at my God,
When secret love directs his rod?
His hand shall smooth my rugged way,
And lead me to the realms of day—
To milder skies and brighter plains,
Where everlasting pleasure reigns.

LEONORA DE VALESCO.

A SPANISH HISTORY—Continued from page 43.

HERE ceased the Chevalier; but in the soul of Ivon there was such a confused mixture of admiration, of respect, of tenderness, and pity, that for some moments he had not the power of replying; but when he had, if I have loved you as my son, said he, if I have regarded you under this disguise as the first hero of our age, I now love you as my daughter, and admire you as the most illustrious of your sex, nor doubt but I will take you from the hands of Kerme, and deliver you safe into those of Don Bernardo de Valesco.—Heavens! continued he, when I reflect on your beauty, your virtue, your courage, and fidelity, I know not how to think a man (such as you represent the Marquis de Padille) could so far degenerate from his noble blood, and the constancy natural to his nation, as to be guilty of a perfidy unworthy of a man of honour. This reflection drew a deep sigh from Leonora, but depending entirely on the advice of Ivon, she resumed as much tranquillity as was possible for one in her circumstances to experience.

The weather was at present so favourable, that it promised a happy voyage, and made Leonora hope she would soon be in a condition to execute her design; but all on a sudden there arose a most violent storm of thunder, lightning, rain, and wind which separated and dispersed the fleet. The fury of the tempest continued two days and two nights, but on the third the skies grew clear, and the seas calm and serene as before: Kerme, whose ship had lost sight of all the rest, feared for none so much as the *Hercules*, in which his adorable Leonora was embarked:—The cannon were several times discharged, as he advanced toward the coasts of Jamaica, and he rejoined many of his vessels; but being able to hear nothing from any of them of the *Hercules*, and having repeated his signals for three or four hours without receiving any answer; he doubted not but that ship was either sunk, or taken by the enemy. He now reproached himself, that he had ever consented to suffer the Chevalier to depart from him, and abandoned his soul to a despair which had no bounds.

In the mean time, the Marquis de Padille, who had at last received orders to set sail, now doubly animated with the desire of revenge on the whole English nation by what he had been told by Montrosse, came out against Kerme, and attacked him with a fury proportionable to the excitements he had to it: the number of vessels in this engagement were equal, and each following the example of their superiors fired at each other. They fought for some time with little advantage on either side; nor did the night separate them, they continued close to each other, and at the dawn of day renewed the fight with the same fury as before.

Towards the middle of the day, the foremast of the Marquis de Padille's vessel was broken down, at which the English cried out *victory!* but in a moment after, that of Kerme was in the same state. The Spaniards gaining courage at that sight, drew closer to them, and the smoke of the cannon and muskets made such a thick

cloud over the heads of both, that it was impossible to see what was done. Don Fernando taking advantage of the darkness and confusion, clapped his grappling-irons on Kerme's vessel; and animated with all the emotions of despair, and jealous rage, performed actions worthy to have been perpetuated to all posterity. English Kerme fired with a jealousy of glory, as the other was with that of love, did little less execution: He attempted several times to board his enemy, but was as often repulsed; Don Fernando met with the same fate. Kerme found himself covered over with wounds, without feeling the least inclination to retire to have them dressed. The Marquis de Padille having received a musket shot in his thigh, and three or four deep cuts with a cymetar, was so far from a desire of quitting the combat, that his hurts seemed rather to have added new vigour to his arm.

In fine, the ammunition on both sides being expended, they fought man to man for above three hours, and in neither vessel was there a single person who was not either killed or desperately wounded. Kerme, at the head of four or five, still maintained the fight: the Marquis had much the same number, but those few so maimed and faint with loss of blood, that though the *will* remained, the *power* of doing farther hurt was lost. Just at this dreadful moment a vessel under full sail approached; it was that of the Chevalier Lumley, who, surprized at this horrible spectacle, made all the haste he could to succour these unhappy wretches. The rest of the Spanish vessels thinking their commander dead, made what haste they could away from the English, who were also in so bad a state, that they thought themselves happy in the others flight.

The Chevalier Lumley having boarded the Spanish ship, which was that which lay next him, found only dead or dying men: But with what soul-rending agonies was it, that he saw the Marquis, one of those sad objects, without sense, without motion, or any other sign of life! All the prudence, the fortitude, the resentment of our heroine, was insufficient to enable her to withstand this shock, and she would certainly have betrayed her sex, if Ivon, who guessed all that passed in her heart at this dreadful interview, drawing nearer to that mournful sight, had not immediately told her, that the condition she beheld him in, was wholly owing to his loss of blood, and that he saw no wounds about him in any dreadful part. He had no sooner spoke these words, than he ordered him to be carefully removed into their vessel, where there were skilful surgeons appointed to attend him. After this, he prevailed on her a little to resume her courage; they then went into the ship of which Kerme was commander, and finding him in the same condition with the Marquis, took equal care of him.

The Chevalier next ran into the cabin where they had conveyed the Marquis, and being assured by the surgeons after they had searched his wounds, that there were none about him mortal; some part of that tranquillity he had lately lost returned, and the natural generosity of his soul carrying him to make the same enquiry after Kerme; he heard those appointed to take care of him, pronounce his condition not less favourable.

The extraordinary emotions which these adventures had created in the soul of Leonora, joined with the constraint she imposed on herself to conceal them, made Colonel Ivon fear that she would sink under their oppressive weight; and taking every method to comfort her, "You see, Madam," said he, "by what unexpected means Providence conducts you to that happiness, of which you so lately despaired, and for which I doubt your being yet sufficiently thankful: But I desire you will make use of that admirable reason with which you are so plentifully stored; thank Heaven who has now put in your power all you seemed to wish, the means of returning to your father and your native country. As for the Marquis de Padille, if he has been false, you see your wrongs revenged; if true, you will soon have an opportunity of discovering it; in either case you have reason to be satisfied with your lot. Moderate therefore your inquietudes, and conceal that grief which perhaps it is not possible for you all at once to expel; remember that to give liberty to Don Fernando and yourself, demands you should always appear like the Chevalier Lumley, like the hero you have done: Depend on my zeal for your service, my watchfulness for your security, and the faith I have given you never to forsake you in the utmost peril, and to assist you in every thing that is noble and worthy of you."

Words such as these coming from a person for whom Leonora had the greatest respect, produced all the effect the speaker of them could have wished. "I hesitate not," said she, "to follow your advice in all things; I look on you as my father; my glory, my honour, and my life, are in your hands; I will do, as far as I am able, all you would have me; but I conjure you to find some plausible excuse for our departure for Buenos-Ayres as soon as possible. I have discovered to you too much of my soul, not to make you in part sensible of what I feel in the constraint I am at present under. I cannot be so near Don Fernando, ungrateful and perfidious as he is, without relapsing into all the softness and weakness of my sex; and I must absolutely cease to be Leonora, to maintain the character of the Chevalier Lumley, while in the same vessel with the still loved still amiable Don Fernando." Ivon, who understood nature perfectly well, and had not always been insensible of that tenderness with which Leonora was animated, assured her in the most solemn manner, that he would in a very short time find the means of restoring her to a place where she might be at liberty to behave as became her sex and sentiments. After this conversation, they parted for a few hours; Leonora went to visit the wounded, and Ivon about the execution of his project.

(To be continued.)

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CURIOUS LITERARY ANECDOTE.

MILTON, that glory of British literature, received not above ten pounds, at two different payments, for the copy of *Paradise Lost*; yet Mr. Hoyle, author of the *Treatise on the Game of Whist*, after having disposed of all the first impression, sold the copy to a bookseller for two hundred guineas!

OF INORDINATE DESIRES.

THE moth, allured by the brightness of the candle, plays round the flame, till at last it is consumed with the heat, a fit emblem this of those unwary ones who play round the verge of evil, till at length they precipitate themselves into infamy and ruin.

The fly, and many other winged insects, have the same propensity hovering round any luminous body, and frequently die by the heat, which is inseparable from that brightness they so much desire; but none of them all so frequently find their fate in the blaze as the moth, which is almost as sure to perish by the candle, as to perceive its light.

The moth feeds chiefly upon cloth and woollen stuffs, and is an animal of so delicate a texture, that a slight touch crumbles it to pieces; it is therefore the last creature in the world to sustain the attack of so terrible an enemy as fire; yet this enemy, in the resemblance of a friend, courts it to draw near, and afterwards works its inevitable destruction.

What an unhappy state is theirs, who will not take warning by the end of others, nor avoid the mischiefs which have proved fatal to many? What numbers have experienced the same fate with the insect we have been describing! and yet what numbers are daily running on in the same manner to their ruin, sporting with vice and folly, and, as it were, making danger their playfellow!—All these cannot, or they will not see, "That the end of these things is death:"—they will go on from one step to another, till at last it is too late to recede; then they must sink at once into the gulph of misery, and only leave fresh examples behind them of what was already well enough known, but always too little regarded. Shun therefore all temptation, if you are wise, and be not deceived by appearances.—Vice, folly, and danger, often lurk under the most inviting forms; but try the tree not by its appearances, but by its fruits you shall know it.

"Sweetest leaves the rose adorn,
"Yet beneath them lurks the thorn;
"Fair and flow'ry is the brake,
"Yet it hides the speckled snake."

Consider and beware; for he who would avoid sorrow, must be wary in his steps; and he, who would shun misfortune, must be careful to take wisdom for his companion.

ANECDOTE of the famous ANNE SMITTER, mother of Lucas de Heere, a Painter.

THIS lady was a performer in miniature, and so very exquisite in the art, that she executed a landscape, with a windmill, millers, a cart and horse, and passengers: and half a grain of corn would cover the whole composition.

The writer of this has seen a ring on a lady's finger, on which was enamelled a sea-piece, a battle of dragoons on horse-back, and a landscape, all visible to the naked eye, and so distinct, with the assistance of a very moderate magnifier, as to discern the most animated and different passions that could possibly have been expressed on a much larger scale.

Letters addressed to YOUNG WOMEN, (married or single) by
Mrs. GRIFFITH.

L E T T E R VI.

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF THOSE ACCOMPLISHMENTS MOST
AGREEABLE TO THE HUSBAND; AND ON RETIREMENT,
DISSIPATION, &c.

AS the grand affair of your lives, my amiable friends, must be to *preserve* the esteem of your husbands, your good understandings will lead you to form your taste exactly to his own. Dean Swift, I think, (in his letter to a young lady on her marriage) has these words; "You must endeavour to attain to some degree of those accomplishments which your husband most values in other people and for which he is most valued himself."—"The endowments of your mind will make your person more agreeable to him, and when you are without a third person your time will not lie heavy on your hands for want of conversation."—This author, who is generally esteemed to have had as great a knowledge of human nature as ever man had, you see, lays the utmost stress on the mind of the woman, towards rendering the married state happy. A wife may indeed absolutely depend on this truth—that the charms of *person*, however powerful they are to attract, are not powerful enough to retain a husband for any long time. The constant habitude of seeing a pretty face, soon weakens the impression it had once made; disgust soon succeeds; and that very disgust (caused by a scarcity of ideas in the wife) is often the cause of that inconstancy, of which the men are so often and so justly accused. It is from sense, from knowledge, *alone*, that you can recommend yourselves to your husbands esteem. Dreadful is it indeed, and yet nothing is more common, than to hear a man exclaim to his wife, with the utmost peevishness, "How should you know this? an ignorant woman as you are!" An husband soon grows weary of acting the *lover*, and expects in the woman he has married a reasonable creature, and a friend for life; who must consider she is not to be set up for a picture, or as a piece of *still-life*, merely to be gazed at.

In fact, nothing but a well informed mind, and a stability of principle, can insure lasting happiness in this state; the men in this particular are not such *fools* as many women may think them: It is true they like to hear us sing—they like to hear us play to amuse an idle hour; but alas! the *ornamental* parts of education, like the beauties of our persons, very greatly lessen in their esteem after a short time, and nothing maintains its ground but *sterling* good sense and real *virtue*. Let our sex be undeceived, and ashamed to themselves, if they think otherwise. If a child takes a rattle for the amusement of an idle hour, he naturally throws it aside when the novelty ceases; in the same manner a man behaves, who marries for the transient charms of a pretty face. A woman who has only beauty to recommend her to, or to retain her husband's affections, on soon seeing its decrease, is apt to ask herself, "What is become of all that tenderness, that admiration, with which I was even idolized by this husband?—Is it all gone?"—The question is too obvious to admit an answer. Nothing can be more melancholy than the idea of such a

marriage. It is a very fatal but common error to mistake the *violence* of love for its *duration*. It may appear as a paradox, but upon the whole, perhaps, it may be found, that those marriages are, for the most part, best calculated for felicity, which had least of that *violent* passion at their commencement: we have all seen numbers of people venturing even their necks to come together; who, not a month after their union, would venture their necks to be released from it, with that same degree of alacrity.

But though it is from *sense*, and cultivated understanding, alone, that we may have the *greatest* chance of being happy in the married state; yet still a woman of sense must be very cautious how she displays it: men in general look upon one of our sex, that possesses an uncommon degree of understanding, with a *jealous* eye, and not unfrequently with a malignant one; whether it be that they chuse to engross the whole province of *learning* to themselves, I will not pretend to determine.

A wife must endeavour to heighten the charms of a *mistress*, by the good sense and solidity of a friend. If she reads a new work, a poem, or a play, it must be to form her taste, that she may be able to entertain the man she loves.

You, my dearest friends, are both happy, in being united to men of both sense and sentiment; but had the contrary been your unhappy fate, as is the case with many amiable wretched women, you must still have given your husband the *credit* (however weak in reality he might be) of managing in the appearance of the world, and in all things have given him the superiority, making him appear to the best advantage, whatever bitter sighs his weakness or folly might cause you in secret. Never does our charming friend, Mrs. C——, appear in so exalted a light, as when she is giving the merit of her own excellent management to that simple fool her husband, and rendering him all the credit of her own admirable economy, and other virtues. One may indeed say, that she seems as industriously to conceal his infirmities, and to make his very defects appear in the most amiable light, as many other women do to make their husbands infamous or ridiculous. The folly, the weakness of the husband of the above excellent woman is *her shining time*.

A married woman must consider what are the chief requisites to happiness; and, as it is absolutely impossible to have *every* perfection in one man, she must come to a steady determination what she is to look upon as most essential, and what is most easy to be sacrificed.

She will soon find, that a great article in the happiness of life, is the economy of her family, which must be her province of shining. This will constantly furnish a variety of subjects, which will afford a perpetual fund of amusement, which women who are always gadding abroad are entire strangers to: One of the greatest beauties in the female character is that *retiring* delicacy, that modest reserve, which avoids the public eye. Some poet (I forget who) says,

"Man may for wealth or glory roam,
"But woman must be blest at home;
"To this should all her duties tend,
"This her great object and her end."

A fashionable lady may perhaps say on this occasion—
 “Good heavens! what then, to be married is to be buried
 “alive! Must a wife, to be happy, shut herself up from
 “all the world?”

Not in the least; it is only meant to prove, that a life of *racketing* and *dissipation* is perfectly inconsistent with that uniform plan of conduct, which is the very foundation of happiness in the married state. A very judicious and celebrated author says, with great truth on this head, that “Nature is so weak, and so given to *change*, that it is “difficult to support the best-founded constancy in the “married state, amidst those variety of dissipations that “our ridiculous customs have rendered inevitable.” It may seem hard for a husband to deny his wife the pleasure of appearing every day in public, and he might be thought a brute, to shew his dislike of that everlasting dissipation now in vogue, that endless round of balls, plays, and other public amusements, where she listens to the idle flattery of a thousand fops. It is impossible that a husband of any delicacy can preserve his esteem for a woman so public; at least she must lose much of her merit. There cannot be a more imprudent object, than a *gay* wife, who is perpetually running from one public place to another: but more odious still is her character, when perhaps she leaves a family of children at home, to the mercy of a set of mercenary servants, whose manners are as gross as their conversation. It is impossible but that a husband must be disgusted with the folly and idle behaviour of such a wife, and she may thank herself alone, for all the consequences that may naturally arise from it. It is indeed a most certain fact, that every wife who is determined to find her happiness in the love and esteem of her husband alone, must give up the very blameable and extravagant fondness for being the admiration of the public. But I forget I am writing to two young women, who have too much delicacy and understanding ever to run into the above errors: and who, though in the midst of youth, genteel life, and affluence, can smile at that simple thing, the world; whilst you possess all that real elegant reserve of conduct which Milton makes the characteristic of women; which he calls,

“——Not obvious, not obtrusive,
 “—— but retir’d.”

Adieu, my friends; I leave you to the calm delights of rural quiet, friendship, books, and virtue; and may you long enjoy, in your elegant retirement,

“That sweet peace——
 “Which goodness bosoms ever!”

Believe me, very sincerely yours,

ANECDOTE.

LORD Mansfield being willing to save a man that had stole a watch, desired the jury to value it at *ten-pence*; upon which the prosecutor cries out, “*Ten-pence*, my Lord! why the very *fashion* of it cost me *five pounds*.” “Oh,” says his Lordship, “we must not hang a man for *fashion’s sake*.”

SICILIAN GENEROSITY.

Taken from the Reports of the London Humane Society.

TWO of his Sicilian Majesty’s galleys being on a cruize, pursued and took an Algerine vessel of 20 guns, and 100 men: the prize was sent to Naples, and whilst lying under guard at the Mole, a young gentleman, then bathing, was seized with the cramp, and immediately sunk, in the presence of numbers, who did not attempt any thing for his relief. One of the Algerine sailors, who was standing on the gunwale of the prize, instantly jumped into the water, and having laid hold of the body in its rise, tied one end of a handkerchief round the shoulder, the other end of which he fastened to his own, and swam with it to shore. The drowned person was recovered by proper applications; and the Marquis de Palluchi, whose son was thus preserved, being introduced to the king, threw himself on his knees, and requested the liberty of the gallant Algerine. His Sicilian Majesty’s reply was truly noble. “Your request, Sir, (said he) is both reasonable and humane; the Moor is yours, and you may dispose of him as you please. The remainder of the crew are mine, and by the laws of war perpetual slaves, but they are free from this moment. Ten righteous men would have saved Sodom from the wrath of the Almighty, and shall not one gallant and humane man, who has risked his life for an enemy, and restored to me so valuable a subject, merit the pardon of a few companions?” Next day an order was published for their release, and they departed amidst the acclamations of the populace.

SCEPTICISM CONDEMNED.

SOPHRON asserted that he could hear the slightest scratch of a pin, at the distance of ten yards. It is impossible, said Alexis, and immediately appealed to Euphronius, who was walking with them. Though I do not believe, replied Euphronius, that Sophron’s ears are more acute than yours, yet I disapprove of your hasty decision concerning the impossibility of what you so little understand. You are ignorant of the nature of sound, and of the various means by which it may be increased, or quickened in its progress: and modesty should lead you, in such a case, to suspend your judgment till you have made the proper and necessary inquiries. An opportunity now presents itself, which will afford Sophron the satisfaction he desires. Place your ear at one end of this long rafter of deal timber, and I will scratch the other end with a pin. Alexis obeyed, and distinctly heard the sound; which being conveyed through the tubes of the wood, was augmented in loudness, as in a speaking trumpet, or the horn of a huntsman.

Scepticism and cruelty are equally unfavourable to the acquisition of knowledge. The latter anticipates, and the former precludes all inquiry. One leaves the mind satisfied with error, the other with ignorance.

THE APPARITIONIST.

AN INTERESTING FRAGMENT,

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF COUNT O*****

Translated from the German of Schiller.

(Continued from Page 46.)

WE had not recovered from our surprize when the Arminian stood before us. "You are known here, my Prince!" said he. "Hasten to your Hotel. You will find there the Deputies of the Senate. Do not hesitate to accept the honour they intend to offer you. Baron F. . . forgot to tell you that your remittances are arrived."—He disappeared among the crowd.

We hastened home, and found every thing as the Arminian had told us. Three noblemen of the Republic were waiting to pay their respects to the Prince, and to attend him to the Assembly, where the first nobility of the city were ready to receive him. He had hardly an opportunity of giving me a hint to be on the watch.

About eleven o'clock at night he returned. On entering the room he appeared grave and thoughtful. He took me by the hand, and having dismissed the servants; "Count," said he, in the words of Hamlet:

"There are more things in heav'n and earth,

"Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

"You seem to forget, my Prince," replied I, "that you are going to bed a great deal richer in prospect." The deceased was the hereditary Prince.

"Do not mention it; said the Prince, "If I should even have acquired a crown, I am now too much engaged to think of such a trifle. If this Arminian has not merely guessed by chance—

"How can that be, my Prince?" interrupted I.—

"I resign all my hopes of royalty for a Monk's habit"—

I have mentioned this purposely to shew how far every ambitious idea was then distant from his thoughts.

The next evening we went sooner than common to the Square of St. Mark. A sudden shower of rain obliged us to enter a Coffee-house, where we found a party engaged at cards. The Prince took his place behind the chair of a Spaniard to observe the game. I went into an adjacent chamber to read the newspapers. I was soon disturbed by a noise in the card-room. Previous to the entrance of the Prince, the Spaniard had been constantly losing, but since that he had been regularly winning. The fortune of the game was reversed in a striking manner, and the Bank was in danger of being challenged by the pointeur, who since this sudden change had become more adventurous. The Venetian who kept the Bank, addressing the Prince in a very rude manner, told him that his presence interrupted the fortune of the game, and that he ought to quit the table. The latter looked coolly at him, remained in his place, and preserved the same countenance, when the Venetian repeated his demand in French. He thought the Prince understood neither French or Italian; and addressing himself with a contemptuous sneer to the company, said: "Pray Gentlemen, tell me how I must make myself understood by this fool." At the same time he rose, and prepared to seize the Prince by the arm. Patience forsook the latter. He grasped the Venetian with a strong arm, and threw him

violently on the ground. The company rose up in confusion. At this noise I hastily entered the room, and calling the Prince by his name: "Take care," said I imprudently; "we are at Venice." The name of Prince, caused a general silence, which ended in a whispering that seemed to portend something very disagreeable. All the Italians who were present divided into parties, and went aside. One after the other left the room. We soon found ourselves alone with the Spaniard and a few Frenchmen. "You are undone, my Prince," said these, "if you do not immediately leave the town. The Venetian whom you have treated so cavalierly, is rich enough to hire a *Bravo*. It costs him but fifty zechins to send you out of the world." The Spaniard offered, for the security of the Prince, to go for the watch and to accompany us home. The Frenchmen proposed to do the same. We were still standing and considering what was to be done, when some officers of the inquisition entered the room. They shewed us an order of government, which charged us both to follow them immediately. We arrived under a strong escort at the canal, where a gondola was waiting for us. We embarked, and were blindfolded before we landed. They then led us up a large stone stair-case, and through a long turning alley over vaults, as I judged from the echoes that resounded under our feet. At last we came to another stair-case, and having descended twenty-six steps, we entered a spacious hall, where they took the bondage from our eyes. We found ourselves in a circle of venerable old men, all dressed in black. The hall was hung round with black, and faintly illuminated. The dead silence which reigned in the assembly, struck us with horror. One of the old men, probably the first Inquisitor, approached the Prince with an awful countenance, and said, at the same moment shewing him the Venetian, who was just then brought forward.

"Do you know this man to be the same who offended you at the Coffee-house?"

"I do;" answered the Prince.—Then addressing the prisoner: "Is this the same person, whom you meant to have assassinated this night?"

The prisoner replied: "Yes."

In the same instant the circle opened, and we saw with horror the head of the Venetian immediately severed from his body.—

"Are you content with this satisfaction?" said the Inquisitor. The Prince fainted in the arms of his attendants. "Go," added the Inquisitor, turning to me with a terrible voice, "Go, and in future judge less inconsiderately of the justice of Venice."

An unknown friend, it was evident, had thus saved us from inevitable death, by interposing in our behalf the active arm of justice, but who it was we could not conjecture. Filled with terror we reached our Hotel. It was after midnight. The Chamberlain Z, impatiently waited for us at the door.

"You did very well to send us a message;" said he to the Prince as he lighted us up. "The news which Baron F—— soon after brought us respecting you, from the Square of St. Mark, would otherwise have given us the greatest uneasiness."—

"I sent you a message? When? I know nothing of it."

"This evening after eight, you sent us word, that we must not be uneasy, if you should come home later than usual."

The Prince looked at me.—"Perhaps you have taken this precaution without mentioning it to me?"—

"I knew nothing of it."

"It must be so, however," replied the Chamberlain, "since here is your repeating watch, which you sent me as a mark of authenticity."

The Prince put his hand to his pocket. It was empty, and he knew the watch to be his own.

"Who brought it?" said he in amazement.—

"An unknown man in an Arminian dress, who disappeared immediately?"—

We stood looking at each other. "What do you think of this?" said the Prince, at last, after a long silence. "I have a secret guardian at Venice."

(To be continued.)

AN EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF SELF-DENIAL.

AFTER the reduction of the fortress of Sole, in Hainault, by the great Marshal de Turenne, a lady of the most enchanting form and exquisite beauty fell into the hands of the soldiers, who, thinking her the most valuable part of the plunder, carried her to their General. The Marshal was then only twenty-six years of age, and far from being insensible to the charms of his beautiful prisoner; he, however, pretended not to understand their motive for bringing her to him, commended their moderation and discretion; and giving them reason to believe that he imagined they only meant to place her out of the reach of their fellow-soldiers brutality, by putting her under his protection, he dismissed them. He afterwards caused the lady's husband to be sought for, and delivering her into his hands, said to him: "Sir, I feel the greatest pleasure in being able to restore your wife to you inviolate; and that you may learn what sort of an enemy you war with, know that it is to the discretion of my soldiers, that you are indebted for the preservation of your lady's honour," denying himself even the harmless pleasure that results from being known to be the author of a virtuous action.

THE MAGNANIMITY OF A ROMAN SENATOR.

WHEN Vespasian commanded a Senator to give his voice against the interest of his country, and threatened him with immediate death if he spoke on the other side, the Roman, conscious that the attempt to serve a people was in his power, though the event was ever so uncertain, answered with a smile—"Did I ever tell you that I was immortal?—My virtue is in my own disposal, my life is in your's; do you what you will, I shall do what I ought: and if I fall in the service of my country, I shall have more triumph in my death, than you in all your laurels."

A N E C D O T E.

WHEN Marshal Villers was past four-score, he gave a signal instance of courage and vivacity, in attacking some squadrons of imperial horse, with the king of Sardinia's guards. That monarch telling him, that he lost the experienced General in the ardour of a young officer; the Marshal answered, "Lamps are apt to sparkle when they are expiring."

ENGLISH ANECDOTE.

A CERTAIN member of Parliament having heard many speeches in the house, to the great applause of the speaker, grew ambitious of rising to rival glory by his oratory; and accordingly watched for a favourable opportunity to open. At length an occasion presented itself; it was on a motion being made in the house for enforcing the execution of some statute; on which public-spirited motion, the orator in embryo rose solemnly up, and after giving three loud hems, spoke as follows: "Mr. Speaker—have we laws, or have we not laws?—If we have laws, and they are not observed, to what end were those laws made? So saying he sat himself down, his chest heaving high with conscious consequence; when another rose up, and delivered his thoughts in these words: "Mr. Speaker—did the honourable gentleman who spoke last, speak to the purpose, or not speak to the purpose? If he did not speak to the purpose, to what purpose did he speak?—Which à-propos reply set the house in such a fit of laughter, as discouraged the young orator from ever attempting to speak again.

N E W - Y O R K.

MARRIED,

In this city a few days ago, by the Rev. Dr. Kounsie, Mr. JOHN CORKILL, to Miss POLLY DEANMARK.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. Dr. Linn, HENRY OVERING, Esq. of New-Port, Rhode-Island, to Miss CHARLOTTE DESBROSSES, daughter of James Desbrosses, Esq. of this city.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The ENIGMA is unavoidably postponed till our next. A. B. is received and shall have a place as soon as possible—CONTENTMENT—SONNET TO HOPE—TO A FRIEND, &c. &c. shall be given in rotation, according to their precedence.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

From the 4th to the 11th inst.

Days of the Month.	Thermometer observed at			Prevailing winds.	OBSERVATIONS on the WEATHER.		
	8, A. M.	1, P. M.	6, P. M.		8.	1.	6.
	deg. 100	deg. 100	deg. 100	8. 1. 6.			
Aug. 4	77	82	80	w. n.w. do	cloudy	light	wind.
5	80	88	50 83	w. do. s.w.	clear	do.	do.
6	80	89	50 86	w. do. do	clear	do.	do.
7	82	93	50 84	w. do. do	clear	do.	do.
8	82	75 87	78	w. s.e. w.	clear	do.	do.
9	79	87	82 50	s. s.w. do	a large quan. of rain fell		
10	80	50 87	78	w. s.w. do	clear lt. wind—rain.		
11	75			N. E.	cloudy lt. wd. rain at nt.		

N. B. At half past 2 o'clock on Friday the 7th inst. it was four and a half degrees warmer than any day this or the last summer.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

O D E.

COOL blew the gale, and gently fell the dews
That twilight scatter'd from her shadowy wing,
On tufts of budding blooms of richest hues,
Light tinctur'd by the pencil soft of spring.

DIANTHUS held his fring'd cups to the snow'r,
And gay **DELPHINIUM** rais'd her purple horn,
And liquid fragrance blest each anxious flower
From the tall **LILAC** to the bending **THORN**.

Soft were the sounds that swept along the grove,
'Twas but the tinkling of a lute rill,
And the swain cooings of a pensive dove,
Reverberated from a neighbouring hill.

When I withdrew from folly's giddy throng
To this lone spot where thought her wings might prune,
And charin'd I listen'd to the plaintive song,
And watch'd the rising of the crescent moon.

Oh then I woo'd immortal **POESY**
To bless the tranquil hour with pathos deep,
To tune each nerve to sensibility,
And teach me in delicious *verse* to weep.

I paus'd, and sudden through the verdant wood
Soft music thrill'd, and fill'd the odorous air,
And lo! the genius fair before me stood,
Rob'd in a vesture such as angels wear.

"Forbear," she cried, "rash Poetess, forbear,
"Nor crave a boon, which though I may bestow
"Serves but to cherish every dying care,
"Causing the tear long wip'd again to flow.

"**GRIEF** is man's heritage—what boots it then
"To scatter *wormwood* in **LIFE's** bitter spring?
"To drench in gall reflection's iron pen,
"And with new pangs the bleeding heart to wring?"

"Look round the world—Oh let thy mental sight
"Dart its long glance far back to ages gone,
"View all on whom I've bid my gifts alight—
"And ask—"Where rests the favour of the boon?"

"Say, did it soothe the beggar'd bard of Greece?
"Or of their miseries cheat his tear-bath'd hours?
"To the sad **MUSE** of **LESSOS** brought its peace?
"Or heal'd it **PETRARCH** by its mournful powers?"

"Ah no—each long past woeful scene revives
"Rous'd by my voice—whose deep pathetic tone
"To every *sigh* a long vibration gives
"Andadder cadences to every groan.

"And fatal are the tears that poets shed,
"And deep and piercing are the *sighs* they heave,
"Life they forget, to muse upon the dead,
"And kiss the chain that drags them to the grave.

"For no one knows the pow'r of song, but mourns—
"Oh then the charms of **POESY** forego;
"Tis a fair flowret thick beset with thorns,
"A honied draught, mingled with pois'nous woe."

A N N A.

NEW-YORK, August 7, 1795.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

S T A N Z A S—BY A LADY.

AS from behind a stormy cloud,
The sun looks out benign,
And on some pilgrim that pursues the road
Bids his best beauties shine.

Though rude, and tiresome was the way before,
Cheer'd with the smiling beam his strength renews,
With grateful heart, the brightened scene he views,
And thinks upon the whistling blast no more.—

Thus, in the mazy path of life,
Where various tumults rise,
And Peace is dimm'd by sorrows rise,
As storms obscure the skies.

Yet when the Sun of *hope* we see,
Our weary spirit gladdens in the ray;
And though the way is rough as when begun,
Encourag'd we look up—and travel on.

July 31, 1795.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.
Y E S.—A M A D R I G A L.

YOUNG Colin presented me with a fine rose
The prettiest flow'r of any that grows;
He begged me t' accept it, you may easily guess,
I answered him no when I meant to say Yes.

We sat ourselves down by a shady green tree
And many fine things he did say unto me;
He fervently ask'd if I'd grant him a kiss,
I answer'd him no, but I long'd to say Yes.

He ask'd in plain terms if I'd be his bride,
He swore there was nothing he wanted beside;
My joy at this question no tongue can express,
I meant to say no, but mistook and said Yes.

Then straight to the church we directed our course,
To marry each other for better for worse;
Then married we were, and you'll easily guess,
I no more said no when I wish'd to say Yes.

There's many fine ladies who mimic and pine,
Who're flatter'd with speeches that's pleasing and fine;
'Tis thro' delicate fear that they never confess,
That they often say no, when they wish to say Yes.

NEW-YORK, July 31, 1795.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

MODERN FRIENDSHIP.

WHEN our own efforts want success,
Friends ever fail as fears increase;
As leaves in blooming verdure wave,
In warmth of summer clothe the grove—
But when autumnal frosts arise
Leave bare their trunks to wintry skies,
NEW-YORK, August 4, 1795.